

THE
Temple of Fame.



A
POEM,

To the Memory of the
Most Illustrious PRINCE,

WILLIAM
DUKE of GLOCESTER.

By Mr. TALDEN.

LONDON:

Printed for Tho. Bennet, at the Half-Moon in
St. Paul's Church-Yard, MDCC.

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Her Royal Highness

PRINCESS

Instructious Denmark! In a Parent's Grief,
And Tears so justly shed admit Relief:
Accept this Tribute to your Sorrows paid,
To *Albion's* Lote, and *Glocester's* happy Shade,
Tho' time denies, the Lyre's persuasive Sound
May calm your Sighs, and heal the Fatal Wound.

Transcending Blessings bear the shortest date,
And wondrous Births Early resign to Fate:
They're form'd by Nature of superiour Mould,
Or too refin'd a Subtance to grow Old.

The World had else enjoy'd Thy *Glocester* long,
And Heav'n deferr'd the Muses mournful Song:
Till after Triumph's past, and Empire's won,
And all his finish'd course with Glory run,
He downward bent his Rays, like a descending Sun.

Epistle Dedicatory.

O Royal Fair ! adorn'd with ev'ry Grace !
The full Support of thy Imperial Race
If yet your tender Bosom dares peruse
The faint Essays of a dejected Muse :
Behold the glorious Shrine of Fame display'd,
Whilst Death withdraws its formidable shade :
See where your God-like Ancestors in State
Glide the Grave, and triumph over Fate ;
The Urns of celebrated Princes view,
Whose long transmitted Virtues shine in You.
Nor yet the fond *Britannia's* Tears disdain
The *Silvan* Scene, and Language of the Plain :
Beneath a Shade Immortal *Kirgil* fate,
With *Shepherds* sung, and mourn'd his *Daphnis* Fate.

Vouchsafe this humble Offering to receive
Accept the Muses Flights, her Faults forgive :
Since none their Tears with greater Sorrow shed,
Admir'd him *Living* more, nor mourn'd him *Dead*.

The World had e'er enjoy'd Thy Glorious Song,
And Heav'n desir'd the Muses mournful Song :
Till after Triumph's pass, and Empire's won,
And all his faithful courts with Glory
The downward bend his Rays like a descending Sun.

T. T. ALDEN

The TEMPLE of FAME.

A
P O E M.

To the Memory of the

Most Illustrious PRINCE,

WILLIAM

DUKE of GLOCESTER.

WHERE *Charwell* in divided Currents flows,
And *Wainfleet*'s Towers a pompous Scene disclose :

With Groves adorn'd, the Lovers blest retreat,
To Arts propitious, and the Muses Seat;
The woody Margin forms a doubtful Light,
And with projected Shades dissembles Night!

Indulging Tears there Sad *Britannia* lay,
From Triumphs fled, and shun'd the hated Day.
Silvanus wept by her neglected Side,
Unmindful of his Sports and Rural Pride;

The gloomy Heav'n's lam'd in falling Rain :

The Temple

The lovely'st *Nereid* She of *Thetis* Train,
 The Youth from *Phoebus* sprung, and charm'd the Plain.
Casario's Fate they mourn'd with just Despair,
 The charming *Anna's* Woes, and *Nassau's* Care :
 Immortal Nymphs in *Anna's* Sorrows joyn,
 And *Cesar's* Tears affect the Powers Divine.

To the Memory of the

The list'ning Plains a fix'd Attention pay'd,
 And Winds becalm'd the tuneful Pair obey'd :
 The *Sirens* Powers, and wondring Satyrs came,
 Attend their Song, and feed a Nobler Flame;
 From fair *Britannia* thus the Accents fell,
 Sweeter than Notes of mourning *Philomel*.

Lament, ye Groves; ye pleasant Valleys, fade;
 Blasted with Winds, and destitute of Shade :
 Let fam'd *Augusta's* Bowers neglected lie,
 And *Albion* weep her Crystal Fountains drie.
 The conscious Spring forget its Youthful Pride,
 And *Flora* unarray'd her Beauties hide :
 No tuneful Youths beneath Your Shades return,
 And ye deserted Plains, in solemn Silence mourn.
 But may the Winds in Louder Sighs complain,
 The gloomy Heav'ns lament in falling Rain :

Each

of *F A M E*.

3

Each lonely Grotto more abandon'd grow,
And murm'ring Streams in sadder Accents flow.

O *Britain's* blasted Hopes ! *Illustrious* Boy !
The Pride of Youth ! deluded *Albion's* Joy !
For Thee, the Warrior bends his drooping Head,
And Wild Despair pursues the Weeping Maid :
Their wandring Flocks the wretched Swains despise,
With folded Arms they sit, and flowing Eyes;
In lasting Solitude the Shepherds mourn,
Dark as the Grave, and silent as his Urn.

Beauty and Wit in lov'd *Cæsar's* join'd,
The Mother's Form inclos'd the Heroe's Mind :
With ev'ry Grace the Youth appear'd Divine,
The radiant Soul did thro' the Body shine ;
Thro' *Isis* Streams thus glitt'ring Sands are seen,
And Crytals thus disclose the Flowers within.

Ye Blooming *British* Youths, a gen'rous Race !
Daring in Arms, the Ornaments of Peace !
To Grief abandon'd now, in Sorrows drown'd,
With constant Sighs your tender Bosoms wound.

Your

Your faded Glory's gone, your boasted Pride,
 Companion of the War, and Virtue's Guide :
 Whose active Youth the Martial Pomp display'd,
 To willing Fame, and early Triumphs led ;
 Inspir'd your Souls with Honour's dawning Charms,
 And taught you to Excel in Arts and Arms.

Had more Indulgent Heav'n *Cæsario* spar'd,
 Had Suppliant *Britain's* lavish Vows been heard ;
 With lasting Triumphs had our Isle been blest,
 And mourning *Thames* her future Lord possest :
 Him ev'ry Lyre, him ev'ry Muse had Sung,
 The grateful Theme of each inspir'd Tongue :
 His Acts had fill'd the Hundred Mouths of Fame,
 And rank'd with *Nassau's* his Immortal Name.

The Deathless Laurel now consents to fade,
 And grateful Myrtle hangs its drooping head :
 Vain are their Sweets, their Beauty's Useless grown,
 For never Shall they lov'd *Cæsario* crown ;
 Never around his Temples boast a place,
 Adorn his Pleasures, nor his Triumphs grace.

Ye

YOUT

Ye lovely Nymphs, a celebrated Train!
 That shine in Courts, and grace the humble Plain:
 With Cypress crown'd instead of Garlands come,
 Weep o'er his Urn, with Wreaths adorn his Tombe.
 Oft did the Charming Youth your Breasts inspire
 With pleasing Images, and gay Desire:
 A Form like his might fierce *Atlanta* move,
 And warm the coldest Virgin's Heart with Love;
 No Guard against refittless Beauty's found,
 His Tongue was made to Charm, his Eyes to Wound.

But never shall ye more *Casario* praise,
 Admire his Wit, nor on his Beauty gaze:
 Never indulge again your longing Sight,
 In Death he lies, and Shades of endless Night.

Illustrious Fair! a smiling Mother late,
 Now sunk in Woes, oppress'd with utmost Fate,
 Who can the Anguish of thy bosom tell,
 None e're lamented more, none lov'd so well!
 At length, Unhappy Beauty, cease to grieve,
 At length some respite to thy bosom give:

The Dreery Shades of Night thy Sorrows know,
 Attend thy Plaints, and oft repeated Woe :
 Each conscious Grove thy tender Passion hears,
 And ev'ry Stream's enrich'd with *Anna's* Tears.

Nor, *Cesar*, is thy Breast exempt from Care,
 Thy Breast that stems th' impetuous Tide of War :
 Unmov'd with Horrors of the bloody Field,
 Nor rais'd with Joys that Fame and Empire yield ;
 But Pity there, there soft Compassion reigns,
 And Death exposes all the Lover's Pains.
 Tho' you in Battel foil his brandish'd Dart,
 The Tyrant wounds your more Unguarded Part :
 Eludes the Hopes of thy Auspicious Reign,
 Thy Triumphs blasts, and renders Conquests vain.
 Else had *Maria's* Charms to Ages shone,
 And lov'd *Cesario* late adorn'd the *British* Throne.

Now all the Hero sinks beneath the weight
 Of piercing Grief, and yields to adverse Fate :
 Sighs to the Winds, Laments in ev'ry Grove,
 Fond *Albion's* Loss, and his deserted Love ;
 Like *Hercules*, for ravish'd *Hylas*, mourns,
 And rends the Laurel that his Brow adorns.

The Plains ne'er such a Face of Sorrow wore,
Never was Youth lamented thus before:
With Garlands crown'd no active Nymphs are seen,
To Dance in graceful Choirs around the Green:
No jolly Swains beneath the Shades resort,
With tuneful Pipes to cheer their Rural Sport;
In gloomy Solitude the Shepherds mourn,
Dark as the Grave, and Silent as his Urn.

One Labour more, *Silvanus*, yet remains,
Descending *Phœbus* shall inspire thy Strains:
And every Muse her willing Aid impart,
To crown the Verse, and grace thy Tuneful Art.
Whilst here protected from the scorching Sun,
The kind complaining Streams in Murmurs run:
And grateful Shades form an Imperfect Day,
Prelude the Song, thy mournful Tribute Pay.

When, gently raising his dejected Head,
Thus to the Fair afflicted Nymph he said:
An irresistible Charm thy Sorrow bears,
Who can withstand the force of Pious Tears?

Compell'd

Compell'd by Fate, and more Tyrannick Love,

My Soaring Muse shall visit Realms above;

Amidst the Stars admire his dawning Flame,

And rank *Cæsario* in the List of Fame.

Let *Charwell's* Lifting Streams neglect to Flow,

The Heav'ns to Weep, the fighting Winds to Blow!

When I the Youth's sublimer Praise decline,

Unequal tho' my Verse, the Theme's Divine.

Amintor, thee, whilst Foreign Shores invite,

And thy auspicious Muse extends her flight:

Amintor, lov'd by Fame, admired Young!

That Charm'st with ev'ry Grace, in ev'ry Tongue!

Whether the *Sein's* attentive to thy Lays,

And *Louvre's* blest with *British Cæsar's* Praise;

Or fam'd *Versailles* is in thy Numbers shown,

Adorn'd with Beauties that transcend her own:

Thy Absence now the drooping Muses mourn,

Implore thy Aid, and Sigh for thy Return.

O cou'd I imitate the *Mantuan Swain*!

Inform the Flocks, and charm the distant Plain:

Compell'd

Or

Or cou'd I sing with *British* Colin's Art,
Wound ev'ry Ear, move each relenting Heart :
And sweetly as the Young *Alexis* mourn,
In graceful Accents o're *Pastora's* Urn ;
Such shou'd my Verse, so just my Sorrows prove,
Worthy his Shade, and my aspiring Love.

Then like *Judea's* Shepherd I'd complain,
Mourning the Royal Youth untimely Slain :
Sad *Albion's* Hills, like *Gilboa* shou'd hear,
And her detested Plains my Curses bear ;
Each blasted Grove, and weeping River, tell
How lov'd a Prince, how much lamented fell,

Proceed, my Muse, and raise thy humble Song,
Boundless as Grief, with raging Passion strong ;
Let Tears unforc'd instruct thy Verse to flow,
Soft be thy Complaints, Harmonious all thy Woe.

In yonder gloomy Vale, a Grotto lies ;
Rarely beheld, but with lamenting Eyes :
There aged Ranks of blasted Cypress grow,
Of deadly Night-shade, and the fatal Yew ;

De-

Destructive *Aconites* the Shores produce,
 And drowzy Poppeys shed their baleful Juice.
 There black presaging Birds of Night repair,
 Whose dreadful Omens rend the horrid Air:
 The falling Waters yield a mournful Noise,
 And sighing Winds assume a sadder Voice.

There no Advances of the absent Sun
 Dispel the Shades, nor urge the Seasons on:
 No blooming Sweets, no cheerful Greens appear,
 But Winter blasts the undistinguish'd Year.
 The Wretched fly to this abandon'd Place,
 Where Scenes of Horror may their Woes encrease:
 Despairing Lovers here a Refuge find,
 Indulge their Cares, and loath a gloomy Mind,
 Ten Thousand Slaves tyrannick Beauty sends
 Here to court Fate, and seek inglorious Ends.

A lonely Mansion here erects its Head,
 Rapacious as the Grave, and stor'd with Dead:
 Low'ring it stands on this detested Ground,
 With Spoils of Youth, and ravish'd Beauty crown'd;
 Ancient as Time, the pompous Work of Shade,
 Rejecting Form, and slighting Nature's Aid:

Beauty

of *FAME*.

11

Beauty and Art the Ruder mass disdains,

Where Fate resides, and Death in Triumph reigns.

The mournful Dome eludes our injur'd Sight,

Casts Terrours round, and forms a deeper Night

Obscure with Mists the Sable Front appears,

For ever Cold, and Wet with falling Tears.

There Ranks of unregarded Urns remain,

And shatter'd Tombs an horrid Pomp maintain

Proud *Mausoleums* moulder there in State,

Magnificent with Heaps, in Ruins great

With Human Bones the ghastly Pavement's spread,

The last Remains of the neglected Dead

There dying Lamps, there solemn Tapers burn

And long descending Vaults in endless Silence mourn

Inglorious Crowds here undistinguished come

To Nature's last Retreat, a Peaceful Tomb

An easie Change, to Minds that seek no more,

But covet Rest, and dream'd out Life before;

Those whom no Arts, no shining Actions grace,

That liv'd obscure, and fell a worthless Race

Here in the Arms of kind Oblivion laid,

Their Names forgot, they sleep beneath this Shade

This

This Scene of Horriour but prepares the Way
 To Fields of Blifs, Realms of Etherial Day :
 This but an Entrance to the Sacred Pile,
 Where Arts triumph, and Native Graces smile.
 Cryftalline Roofs the glorious Dome adorn,
 Fair as the Blufhes of the rifing Morn :
 On Columns rais'd in beauteous Orders plac'd,
 With Statues crown'd, Triumphal Arches grac'd ;
 The Eye from far falutes the bleft Abode,
 Adores the Temple, and the Guardian God.
 In Confort here a hundred Trumpets join,
 Return'd by Echoes thro' the vaulted Shrine :
 Loud Hymns of Praise, and joyful Pæans found,
 That reach extreameft Earth, and Heav'n's fuperiour round.

Here Fame prefides, here jealous Honour ftands,
 To guard their Offspring from the Tyrant's hands :
 To keep the Heroe's boasted Name alive,
 And make the Glorious after Death furvive.
 And here are Urns, but Urns with Myrtle bound,
 Adorn'd with Wreaths, with deathlefs Laurels crown'd :
 Whose facred Afhes lafting Sweets diffufe,
 And Blefs the Toils of the recording Mufe.

Hither

Hither ambitious Crowds resort in vain,
Dulness and Sloth their lagging Feet detain;
From far they view the Empireal Seat,
But lost in Shades, submit to common Fate.
Deluded Wretches that consume their Days,
In false pursuits of Fame, and courting Praise:
In vain attempt the Adamantine Gate,
Or strive to rise beneath their Native weight;
Nature's averse, Fame no Compassion shows,
Their Parts are form'd for Shade and long repose.

Here the fam'd Worthies of our British Race,
In pompous Shrines their awful Circles grace:
Admir'd below, in Orbs they shine Above,
For Wars renown'd, and softer Toils of Love.

And here Immortal Bards ascend in State,
Their Fame compleat, and triumph over Fate:
Those envy'd Honours which the World denies
To living Worth, the bounteous Grave supplies;
And ev'ry Urn of the inspired Race,
With Kings and Heroes claim an Equal place.

E

For

For justly here, *Apollo's* Off-spring's plac'd,
 In that *Pantheon* which their Fancies rais'd.
 They form its Beauties, and its Triumphs spread,
 Adorn it Living, and possess it Dead.
 But lost in Shades, submit to common Fate.
 Where Arts triumph, and Native Graces smile,
 And first the Heroes of her Regal Line,
 In long Descents, and graceful Orders shine
 Here warlike *Danes*, here conquering *Normans* keep,
 Whose rugged Shields their honour'd Relics keep,
 Those faithful Swords with which they Conquests spread,
 Protect their Urns, and Guard the Heroes dead.

Next those distinguish'd Chiefs, that early bore
 Avenging Arms to *Asia's* injur'd Shore:
 On *Jordan's* Banks immortal Honours won,
 And made oppress'd *Judea's* Wrongs their own;
 Drove impious Tyrants from the Sacred Plain,
 Redeem'd the Land, and then refus'd to Reign.

O wondrous Youth! from Warlike *Edward* sprung,
 Envy'd by Fate, and snatch'd from Triumphs young!
 In Honour's shining Page the brightest Name,
 Thy *Britain's* Glory, and the Boast of Fame;

Cressy,

Cressy, to Thee Immortal Honour yields,

And Laurels bloom in *Poitiers* bloody Fields

The aged Prince thy Dangers view'd with Pride,

And saw thy Arm the Empire's Fate decide:

The Gallick Genius fled before thy Sword,

And Victory confess'd her Rightful Lord:

Fortune, thy Slave, did Pale with Horror stand,

Whilst Legions fell by thy avenging Hand.

O swiftly gone! lost in thy blooming Years,

And all thy Triumphs overcast with Tears:

Unhappy Britain mourns her Heroes young,

Fate early Claims, and Fame Enjoys them long.

A grateful Scene here streaming Banners yield,

And glitt'ring Trophies of the bloody Field:

Lamenting Gallia's Spoils, in Battle won,

When British Princes fill'd her vanquish'd Throne;

Inur'd to Triumphs, and renown'd in Fight,

Their Acts inspir'd the ancient Bards to write.

A noble Order here detains the Eye,
 Where warlike Knights in Regal Habits lie :
 In Honours great, by fam'd Achievements known,
 Subjects are here Companions to the Throne.
 Indulgent Powers on this Succession smile,
 Devoted to the Saint that Guards our Isle.
 This, to Imperial Heads our Monarchs give,
 And Europe's Potentates with Pride receive :
 Rewards the Brave, adds Lustre to a Throne,
 Whilst honour'd Kings their British Sovereign own ;
 Caesar by this the noblest Triumph gains,
 Advances Merit, and o'er Princes reigns.

Why stops the prostrate Muse ! What awful Sight
 Transports thy Breast, and long retards thy Flight !
 Thro' pure Etherial Rays, and Beams Divine,
 I see the pious Worthy's radiant Shrine.

Hail *Wainfleet's* Glory ! *Rbedicine's* Pride !
 Patron of Arts, and Virtue's sacred Guide !
 Permit the meanest of thy Race to come,
 Adore thy Ashes, and revere thy Tombe.

Auspicious

Auspicious Shade ! worthy to reign Above,
A blest'd Example of unbounded Love:
Officious Fame records thy Worth in vain,
Whose Bounty lives, and wondrous Acts remain;
Let Angels tune their Harps, and Voices raise,
Virtue's the Theme, when they recite thy Praise.

A Hundred Sons, thy bounteous Off-spring, pay
Their grateful Vows with the returning Day:
Thy Acts rehearse, extol thy happy Name,
Supplying all the Hundred mouths of Fame.
Thou livest Immortal in thy glorious Race,
That Arts adorn, and ev'ry Science grace:
To distant Poles they make thy Virtues known,
And whilst they spread thy Fame, Record their own.

But Fame's unequal, and the Muses flight,
In vain Effays to emulate thy height:
The lofty Theme they modestly decline,
Confessing Thee a Subject too Divine.

Elisa here Adorns the *British* Race,
Elisa fam'd for Wars, renown'd in Peace:
F Amidst

Amidst a Circle of her Heroe's laid
 That form the Triumphs of the glorious Maid:
 In distant Orbs her faithful Worthies shine,
 With Beams reflected from the Virgin's Shrine:
 Divine *Minerva* boasts no greater Charms,
 Than to excel in Arts, and conqu'ring Arms.

What Ranks of Sacred Urns appear within!

How bright the Prospect, how august the Scene!
 Had *Albion* ne'er contending Roses bred,
 Nor groan'd beneath the fatal White and Red:
 Had Civil Rage her Beauties ne'er defac'd,
 Sully'd her Triumphs, nor her Fame erac'd:
 And guilty *Britain* never known the Stain
 Of Royal Blood, and a Plebeian Reign:
 No Clime cou'd such a glorious Off-spring boast,
 And Fame had fix'd her Shrine on *Albion's* Coast.

Maria's Ashes close th' Imperial Line,
 That Sweets diffuse, with Matchless Beauties shine:
Maria blooming as the early Spring,
 Soft as the Gales that fragrant Zephyrs bring:
 Chast as the Blushes of the colder Morn,
 Sweet as the Perfumes that on Altars burn:

Pious

Pious as Age, Fair as unshaded Light,
 The Fair the Charm'd, and Bless'd the ravish'd Sight,
 Again She claims the Tribute of our Eyes,
 Again *Maria* in *Cæsario* Dies
 And here, Immortal Youth, accept a Place
 Equal with Heroes of thy Godlike Race :
 Where Nymphs renown'd, and Royal Worthies shine,
 That bless'd the Land, and merit Rites Divine ;
 Kindly receive thy *Britain's* flowing Tears,
 And all the Honours paid thy blooming Years :
 What Fate deny'd, the grateful Muses give,
 And make thy Name to Endless Ages live.

Whilst Mourning *Albion* languishes in Tears,
 Sad with the Prospect of Succeeding Years :
 Sees her deluded Wishes render'd Vain,
 And all the Triumphs of thy promis'd Reign ;
 Enjoy amidst the bless'd Angellick Host,
 A brighter Diadem, than *Britain's* lost.

Appeas'd

The Temple

Pious as Age, Fair as unshaded Light
Appeas'd at length, may Heav'n propitious Smile
The Isms' quonious
Again she clai: Will our dragard Beams regard our Ile
O may thy Innocence our Crimes atone!
And Anna's Offspring sent for Blessings down,
With long Deserts of Heroes fill the Throne.

Equal with Heroes of thy Godlike Race;
Where Nymphs renowned, and Royal Worthies shine
That bless'd the Land, and merit Rites Divine;
Kindly receive thy Britain's flowing Tears,
And all the Honours paid thy blooming Years:
What Fate deny'd, the grateful Muses give,
And make thy Name to Endless Ages live.

FINIS

Whilst Mourning, down Anguish in Tears,
Saw with the Prospect of Succeeding Years:
Sees her deluded Wishes render'd Vain,
And all the Triumphs of thy promis'd Reign;
Enjoy amidst the bliss'd Angelick Host,
A brighter Diadem, than Britain's lost.

Appeas'd
The Pasture